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New School

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Eric Bruce

New School

Timmy took one step onto the bus and dreaded the day ahead of him. He climbed into the bus, and tried to sit in the closest seat. He looked up at the engraved plaque above the seat. The plaque read, "16." This didn't make sense to Timmy, since the seat was up near the driver so it should have been a lower number. Seat 16 was also the only seat that was by itself, all of the other seats were doubles. He could tell that no one had touched the seat in a while, he could even see a layer of dust laying level across the top. Timmy decided to skip the seat, they were obviously avoiding it for some reason.

Sitting down in the row behind Seat 16, Timmy pulled his backpack to chest and prepared himself for the third grade. He then felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned his head to see that the kid behind him was trying to get his attention.

"Are you a new kid?" the boy asked.

Timmy just nodded at him, trying not to cause a scene. The boy, however, was persistent.

"I'm Billy! What's your name?"

"Timmy."

"I bet'cha wondering why none of us sit in that seat in front of you." Timmy wasn't going to ask about it, but he figured he may as well find out about it now.

"Yeah, kinda."

"They say that anyone who sits in seat 16 will be cursed forever!"

"No way that's for real."

“Yeah-huh. Last year, Katie tripped into the seat and cursed everyone on there.”

Timmy’s eyes widened after hearing that.

“So she’s just gone forever?” Timmy asked.

“I don’t know. Probably.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“Then try it out for yourself. But you’ve been warned.” The entire bus went quiet as Timmy placed his backpack aside, then slowly eased out of his seat. He grabbed the seat rows for balance as the bus drove. Looking down at the seat, Timmy was drawn toward it, as though he needed to sit down and not just prove a point.

“What are you doing, kid! You’ll kill us all!” the bus driver shouted. Timmy ignored his words and placed himself firmly into the seat, shooting dust into the air. For a moment no one said a word, they only looked at each others’ worried faces as to what was about to come.

“Someone sat in Seat 16,” the bus driver said, in a monotone voice.

“Someone sat in Seat 16,” said Billy, the boy from two rows back.

Suddenly, all of the children on the bus were repeating the phrase over and over, all while glaring at Timmy. He, however, could not pull himself out of the seat with all of the strength he could muster. It was as though a magnet kept him locked in the seat. Timmy looked out the window and saw the school pass by.